

Green

by Synthetic Paradise

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Summary: First Green. Then Blue. Then Red. Burning. Then Ash.

Green

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What is war? Let's ask the Internet. Yes, of course I know what the Internet it. You use it all the time, why can't I? Just cause I'm in here and you're out there doesn't mean I don't have the same privileges as you. Let's see. , what is war to you? Yahoo answers. "Death and destruction. Innocent lives are taken when they are too young. Grief and sorrow. People who lost their loved ones." HA! I fucking love it. It's on the mark about thirty percent of the way. Next. "War is when a county or group of people bully another country or group of people for a variety of reasons. For example in search of oil." oooh. A burn on the Iraq war. Take it America. And finally, "A game of chess with no winner and the only objective is annihilation of the opposing faction." this is close really close. How about I break the tension and tell you already: war is hot. The ground is scorched, the bodies are burned. Those not involved in the war are also hot. Plagued by nightmares for hours to the point where they wake up sweating and screaming. That is war. If these are not met, then it isn't worthy to be called a war.

Take a look at world war two. The whole of Earth was involved. Millions died in what is most likely the bloodiest war in human history. This is worth being called a war. The characteristics the Internet said above are all involved. It is great. So great that I did something that I haven't done in years. Do you know what I did? I got on my knees, the weight of the world struggling to hold up from my body pressing down on it, lifted my robes and finger fucked my pussy, all the while I watched millions killed in the battles. I was close, so fucking close! Right on the edge of orgasm. Then the war stopped. Such a turn off. If the war had continued into America, then my cum would rain from the sky, the rain from my juice calming the souls after the Americans had suffered. I was so close! During the

cold war, I had so much hope for it! I expected it to be the bloodiest war in history, what with the invention of nuclear weapons. Forty years of waiting, and nothing? Nothing! I need my release! I need my purpose for living to be reached!

That's why I'm here.

That's why you're here.

Look down.

Not here, over there.

The world elementa. Land of shinobi, and said to have the bloodiest wars in any universe. The land where my high will finally be reached. I entered this land ten thousand years ago, posing as a Goddess who will bring peace to this world. The moment I entered, my plan was set in motion. A plan thousands of years in the making. What will come at the end of this plan? Complete and total annihilation. This world will turn into one of chaos once I'm done with it. My tools will ensure this. What are my tools you ask? I have many.

A misunderstood racoon who wants to be treated as normal.

A cat who wants order in the world.

A shy turtle who just wants to get along with others.

An ape who wants to be recognized for his greatness and as a being, not a weapon.

A horse that wants to be left alone.

A slug that wants his family back together.

A beetle who just wants to have fun.

A octopus who wants to be in control.

A fox that wants to be seen as a friend, not a demon.

An elderly man who at one point held the ultimate power in the universe along with his best friend.

A descendant of the elderly man, intent on creating a world where his life is good.

Black. A child struggling with his darkness.

Blonde. Always wanted to show the world what he can do, and has finally achieved it.

Red. A girl chasing after a boy. Getting him after a war, and years of never giving up.

I have carefully sketched out the lives of these eleven individuals. Every decision they've made is a result of my interference. What will be the end? What is it that'll be the result of my efforts. Well I hope you're not looking forward to a happy ending. When I'm done with this world, it'll end up something like krypton.

Look at the world right now.

It's green. Not scenery wise, but in the sense that it is peaceful. America's defcon level has a color associated with it. Green is peace. Ten years after the shinobi world war, and the nations are neutral to another. Although there is still hate between Konoha and Iwa. Understandable. Hate is hard to overcome. But as you know, peace isn't what I want. I want the darkness of war to take over once more. These peaceful times is just annoying. Don't worry though. I know you love war as much as I do, seeing villages get burned to the ground, dozens of civilians getting killed at a time, their women and children raped and killed. It's a beautiful sight, one that gets me wet just thinking about it. In due time, this vomit inducing peace will change from green, to blue. I love it when it's blue. It's so much fun! And finally, it will become red.

In due the though. For now let's focus on the green. The children are happy, the adults living good jobs as the economy is flourishing. The weather is beautiful, shining brightly on the villages, accompanied by a cool breeze from the ocean, the horror of the last war long forgotten. The people get on their knees at night and pray to the higher power for this time of peace. Well, they are right to do so. For there is a higher power.

Me.

None of these apes would exist if it wasn't for me. Hell, you wouldn't be reading this right now if it wasn't for me. The loser that posted this? He works for me. He is mine to control. Do you know what I am to him? I'm not his mother. I'm not his father. I'm not his siblings. I'm his demons.

I am the voice inside Synthetic Paradise's head that tells him the whole world is against him.

I am the voice that tells him to find anything he wants and take it.

I am the voice that tells him to find a good looking bitch and rape her before dumping the body in the river.

I am the voice that tells him to enter a school with a gun and open fire.

I am the one that made him write Virtual Holocaust. Making the characters rape, kill, and torture others.

I am Synthetic Paradise, author of this story. The guy above is just my tool for getting this story online. He's my pencil that let's me convey my words to the world.

He won't even remember writing this, waking up to find this fucked up story and freaking out.

If you stick around, you'll get to know me very well. There's a chance you'll regret it though, wishing you never met me. Why me? Because I'm the real Synthetic Paradise. I'm his true self. This is what you would see if he sat before the Waterfall of. Not that facade he puts on the outside. Not the fake smile on his face that gets

harder to make with each passing day. This Synthetic Paradise is the one you'd see laughing harshly when someone asks him for a favor, instead of the guy who says he'll be glad to help, when in reality is hating himself on the inside for saying yes.

Read as the Naruto world gets turned into a living hell, for this is what you will all face as the tension in your world increases. And I can't help but smile as you, your loved ones, your country, gets crushed in my palm.

End
file.